

The English Sailors Resolution to Fight the Spaniards.

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Come all you jolly Sailors bold,
Who always scorn to be Controul'd,
But freely us'd to range the Seas,
And plow the Ocean where they please;
As now are oppos'd, and Plunder'd by those
Gorade Coastas belonging to Spain,
But this I can tell, woud we thwup them but well,
Our Merchants might have their own again.

Our Merchants have been long abus'd,
Our ships been taken our Men misus'd,
And tho' we of en did Complain,
No Restoration e'er could gain,
But still are put by, with some fallacy,
Altho' we're Masters of the Main,
But this I can &c.

'Cause Captain Jenkins did them oppose,
They cut off his Ears and slit his Nose,
And then his hands together bound,
And to the Yard aim drew him up and down,
Then with a Jear, they gave him his ear,
Saying (trike it to your Master) in disdain.
But our King I can tell, loves his subjects to well,
That he'll curb the Haughty pride of Spain.

So Insolent they did behave,
They of our Sailors did make Slaves,
And work'd all day hard as they cou'd.
With musty Horse Beans for their Food,
Or else a little Dish of stinking stock fish,
Not fitting unto the Dogs to throw,
These Men would delight to do themselves right,
If to War with the Spaniards we go.

Fifty two Satl of Ships (they say,)
In Nine Years time they've took away.
A wery tragical Account,
To what great Sums must this amount,
Our Rights to invade, and spoil our trade,
High time for our Merchants to Complain,
I hope to see the day, this long score the must pay,
And make them refund it all again.

For these vile Crimes they've an Excuse,
And say they suffer great abuse,
We steal their Logwood as they say,
And bring their Peices of Eight away,
This I must own, by some has been done,
But let teem only have the Blame,
'Tis hard to condemn, all the rest for them,
For rogues will be rogues while the world remains.

Our Greacious King and Parliament,
To right our Merchants are fully bent,
For they have been two long abus'd,
And by false pretences been amus'd,
But now I'm glad to find our Gouverment so kind,
To redrets our Merchants who complain,
For this I can &c.

With taking our Ships their not content,
But want our Towns on the continent,
As Georgia and Carolina brave,
They Bost and Brag they soon will have,
But we hope that our fleet, their designs will defeat,
When they approach the coast of Spain,
For this I can, &c.

There's Gsberalter and Portmehone,
They very fain would make their own,
It grieves them we've been told,
That two such Places we should hold,
Gberalter's the Key, 'tis well known of that Sea,
Call'd by the Name of the Mediterrains
For this I can, &c.

Come Jolly Sailors far and near,
So Man our fleet with speed prepare,
With Admiral Haddock freely go,
True British valour for to show,
And brave boys boldly fight our Merchants for to right,
Free Plunder boys will Crown your pain,
For this I can, &c.